Bonnie & Shyne

Shyne

In front of Gucci in the winter, I seen ya witcha girl
Just walkin' uh, in your Chinchilla fur
I was laid up in the Coupe, back shade up
Lookin' at cha face just pure wit no makeup
A little bit of Mac lip gloss, hair in a bun well done
Lookin' for a ring, I seen none
So I hopped out the Coupe in hot pursuit
To stop and introduce
Like, I'm Shyne and you? You're my destiny
And you're diamond cluster, too much just to touch ya
Perfume, down to ya structure
Think I'll wait, 'til the second night to fuck ya
I wanna marry you, nah, I'm just playin'
But we can start wit a few nights, out in Malibu
Surfin', be layin' up on Persians
Here's my number; put in ya purse and call me
On the telephone, she heard my voice
Tell me to pick her up in my Rolls Royce
If my Rolls Royce, is not for ladies
Then girl, I'm gonna take you in my Mercedes
If my Mercedes will not fill up wit the disease
Then girl I'm gonna take you in my Firebird
If my Firebird cannot take the curve
Girl put your ass in the damn Metro bus
I'm gettin' closer, my player days is over
Well, maybe not completely
But still and all, come here, rest ya head on my bed
And let me get between ya legs
Lay on ya back, uh, take it from the back
Like a bad girl suppose to, I know you like that
Scream, wake the neighbors from they sleep
Grab the sheets witcha teeth, wiggle ya butt cheeks
Quarter styles over ya body, lick you up
Treat you like a convenience store, stick you up
Take you to the balcony, pick you up
So you can look at the city, while I'm diggin' ya kitty
Then we drive into the sunset, pull over
Get up on the hood ma, I ain't done yet, uh
On the telephone, she heard my voice

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If my Rolls Royce, is not for ladies
Then girl, I'm gonna take you in my Mercedes
If my Mercedes will not fill up wit the disease
Then girl I'm gonna take you in my Firebird
If my Firebird cannot take the curve
Girl put your ass in the damn Metro bus
We've been together for a few months now
Did it all, Four Seasons to the Trump
Beverly Hills bungalows in ya underclothes
In Paris, Eiffel Tower, bubble baths and showers
In a Silindo sheen, sincere is what you seem
See me flip a couple things, load up magazines
And I, I think you might be the right one, whoa, the right one
Wait press the brakes, gotta investigate
What I do know to you it don't matter
Whether my pockets is slim or fatter
Whether it's BBQ's or Mr. Child's platter
Even if I slip off the success ladder
Even if the paragraphs, didn't hit the charts and smash
If my car was a train on the surface or back
I think you'd be right there know you'll be right there
'Cause we right there, no Cartier charms
Just you in my arms, no Sean Don
Just a bottle of Evian, c'mon, uh
On the telephone, she heard my voice
Tell me to pick her up in my Rolls Royce
If my Rolls Royce, is not for ladies
Then girl, I'm gonna take you in my Mercedes
If my Mercedes will not fill up wit the disease
Then girl I'm gonna take you in my Firebird
If my Firebird cannot take the curve
Girl put your ass in the damn Metro bus
So I draw from my tonic and I take one sip
Should've seen me 'cause I gallop like a horse'll get whipped
Come quick yeah, come quick, whoa
'Cause you I love and not another
Although some may change, well, you know I will never
I'ma love, love, love, love, love you forever, oh I
Always be there for me
Always be there, be there for me
Oh, ayah, ayah, ayah, ayah, ayah
Oh
For me, for me

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